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SQUARE.

WE "CALL" THE BLUFFER.
The following cheerful announcement has
stood for a long time at the head of the edi-
torial column of an esteemed evening con-
temporary:
**The circulation of THE EVEN-
ING SUN is larger than that of
any other evening paper in the
United States.**
This modest claim has long served as a
police to a naturally perturbed editorial
mind and to a narrowing circle of admirers
of fiction.
But even the fascinating game of journal-
istic bluff has its disadvantages.
THE EVENING WORLD hereby agrees to pay
\$2,000 in cash to the Press Club's charity
fund if, upon thorough examination, its bona
fide circulation is not found to be every day
in the week at least 25 per cent. larger than
that of the *Evening Sun*—three prominent ad-
vertisers to be the judges.
Now, "show hands" or stop your bluff-
ing.
If this commendable offer is not accepted
within ten days we shall increase the per-
centage!

ROBBERIES ON FOOTBALL CAMPS.
After robbing the public for a good many
years of the services of conductors, some of
the football cars are now being robbed in
turn.
The thugs who haunt the unprotected
avenues of A and B know that there are
no conductors on the back platform to
protect the passengers. They walk boldly in,
grab from helpless women their money and
jewelry, and go serenely out again. Some-
times they even rob the Company of its cash
boxes. That hardly seems fair.
If robbery loves company, that's a reason
why robbers should love football companies.

MR. PLATT'S FUN.
While pondering the men whom President
HARRISON has chosen to constitute his offi-
cial household, Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, who
is, perhaps, the foremost Republican politi-
cian in New York, is said to have come to
this conclusion:
Gratitude may be played out. But it
hasn't as yet gotten to be Platitude.

WORLDLINGS.
An offer of \$500 was recently made for a
madame owned in Charlotte, N. C. The stone
has a record of having cured more than one
hundred cases of mad dog and snake bites.
A Baltimore barber makes the assertion that
a man's beard grows faster in bright weather than
in cloudy. He thinks that the sunlight has the
same effect on the hair of a man's head and face
as on his plants.
William Black, the English novelist, is said to
make \$10,000 a year with his pen. He lives in
a delightful house at Brighton, the seaside re-
sort near London. His favorite authors are
Heine, Alfred Musset, George Sand and
Thackeray.
The young Emperor of China rises at 2 o'clock
every morning, taking a light breakfast half
an hour later. At 3 o'clock he begins the work
of the day. He has his second breakfast at 11
and dines later in the day, retiring to bed early
in the evening.

MUNDANE MATTERS.
This is Ash-Wednesday. The wind will dis-
tribute ash over the city much as usual, how-
ever, unless reform strikes in on the ash-carts.
The meetings of the Board of Electrical Con-
trol are developing a great deal of uncontrollable
electricity. It is believed some of the companies
expend so much energy at these meetings that
they are unable to do much work on the streets.
"What are we here for?" was the immortal
philosophy of Officer-Inspector (Daniel Webster
Flanagan), of Texas. Is there no office for Mr.
Flanagan, now that Harrison is "here"?

The news from Paris is that the Panama Canal
is not only dead, but laughed at. It seems
that the corpse should be buried when so ex-
pensive a grave has been dug for it.
The Copper Trust is in peril on the Paris
Bourse. New York policemen are in no imme-
diate danger, however.
There is good authority for believing Winter's
backbone to be broken. It is as yet, however,
too soon to notify the Corner.

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Ken could hardly call the production a play.
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derstand what I mean.
There is, in plot, merely a succession of de-
liciously relevant epistolary sketches, drawn with
most felicitous accuracy, and absolutely con-
vincing in their truth to nature. I have always
thought that nature herself was sufficiently
amusing to furnish all the fun that the play-
wright could possibly desire, and furnish it
legitimately, too. The crude and ridiculous
exaggeration of the Hoyt school are so unne-
cessary, if writers would only believe it. What
need is there to caricature so grossly, when in
nearly every type can be found genuine humor
if it is only carefully looked for? Why pum-
pel out laughter when it will roll forth on oiled
wheels if you can only find its hiding place?
"The County Fair" is a convulsively funny.
Mr. Burgess has never done such admirable
work as that shown in *Miss Abigail Prue*. It is
infinitely better than "Vain," which, how-
ever, at times it is suggestive. The shrewish,
prudent, kind-hearted New England woman is
admirably painted. I don't see why New Eng-
land, however, should be supposed to monopol-
ize this quaint type. It is found in old Eng-
land with very little difference. It flourishes in
the midland counties, and there are many *Miss
Abigail Prues* in Warwickshire and Worcestershire.

The interest in Mr. Burgess's impressionism
is to be found, not in its broad outlines, but in
the thousand dainty little artistic touches that
could only have been acquired by long and careful
study. In every detail *Miss Abigail Prue* is an
admirable picture. Without these details the
picture might be looked upon as a Hottentot
caricature.
I have never seen anything more legitimately
amusing than the hymn-singing episode. *Miss
Prue* takes up her hymn book, arranges her
spectacles, sits in her rocking-chair, relegates
Sally Greenaway to the harmonium and then
joins in the song. The expression of her face,
the diligent, racking color; the attention, at
first rapid but finally wandering to the organ,
and the air of relief with which the hymn-book
is finally closed are simply masterly touches.
"The County Fair" may possibly be spoken of
lightly by some, but Neil Burgess's interpreta-
tion defies criticism. It is a piece of work
of which any artist might feel proud.

"The County Fair" is admirably put upon the
stage. The scenery is appropriate and pretty.
The goateer is responsible for a great deal, and
the background he painted to Abby's barn is one
of the best of the many good things that have
come from his brush. Nothing more touching than
the barn scene has been presented in a long
time. *Miss Abigail* learns that her old home
is to pass from her hands unless she can
pay as that mortgage, which the chance
of the fair has brought her. So she falls
against her ever being able to pay. So the fall
beauty of her little farm is made all the more
apparent. The corn-husking scene in the barn,
the queer country dance, and the singing of the
corn-bushers were most satisfying. Perhaps the
pastoral interest of the scene was slightly
marred by *Miss Clara* Throp's song and dance.
Miss Throp is clever, but in "The County
Fair" she should like to have forgotten that she
was such things on earth as sonnettes. Mr.
Archie Boyd contributed a sketch of a country-
man that was worthy of Denham Thompson. It
was an excellent piece of work. The rest of the
cast called for no special mention.

The new theatre has been already described in
these columns. It looked very handsome last
night. The only fault I can find with the ar-
rangements—and it will be noticed by many—is
that the rows of seats are too close together. If
you happen to possess an aisle seat all will be
well. If you are not so lucky, however, you will
never be able to get on between acts "to see
a man" without disturbing every occupant of
the chairs between you and the aisle. I look
upon this as deplorable.
ALAN DALE.

MOELLER'S TERTHING (CORDIAL) produces calm and
healthful repose during all stages of terting. 25c.

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG
If you are run down, or have that tired feeling as a
result of overwork or the effect of the changing season
you should take that best of all tonics and blood puri-
fiers, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It purifies and enriches the
blood, tones the stomach, rouses the torpid liver, and
kindles a new appetite and builds up the system.
Thousands who have taken it with benefit, testify that
Hood's Sarsaparilla "makes the weak strong."
I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored my
health and prolonged my days. I was feeling badly for
a long time, my trouble being a general nervous prostrat-
ion, accompanied with chills and fever. After taking
five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt so well as to be
able to take my usual work. I am well now as any one
of my age. Mrs. M. & THOMAS, St. Albans, Vt.

It is not believed that even Prof. Loiselet's
mammalian system would enable some of the
stand-holders to remember how they got their
privileges in the new market. Not, at least,
during the investigation.
The Pennsylvania militia have been dis-
gracing themselves in Washington again. Post-
master-General Wanamaker should send them

home with the stamp of his disapproval on their
trousers.
The cobler who won the Mayoralty at Water-
loo, Ia., probably wore the Wellington boots
our grandfathers were so fond of.
Hail, sun, shine out on the unjust
And just; though Harrison went in,
The public edict is: "You must
Shine out some time, so now begin!"
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